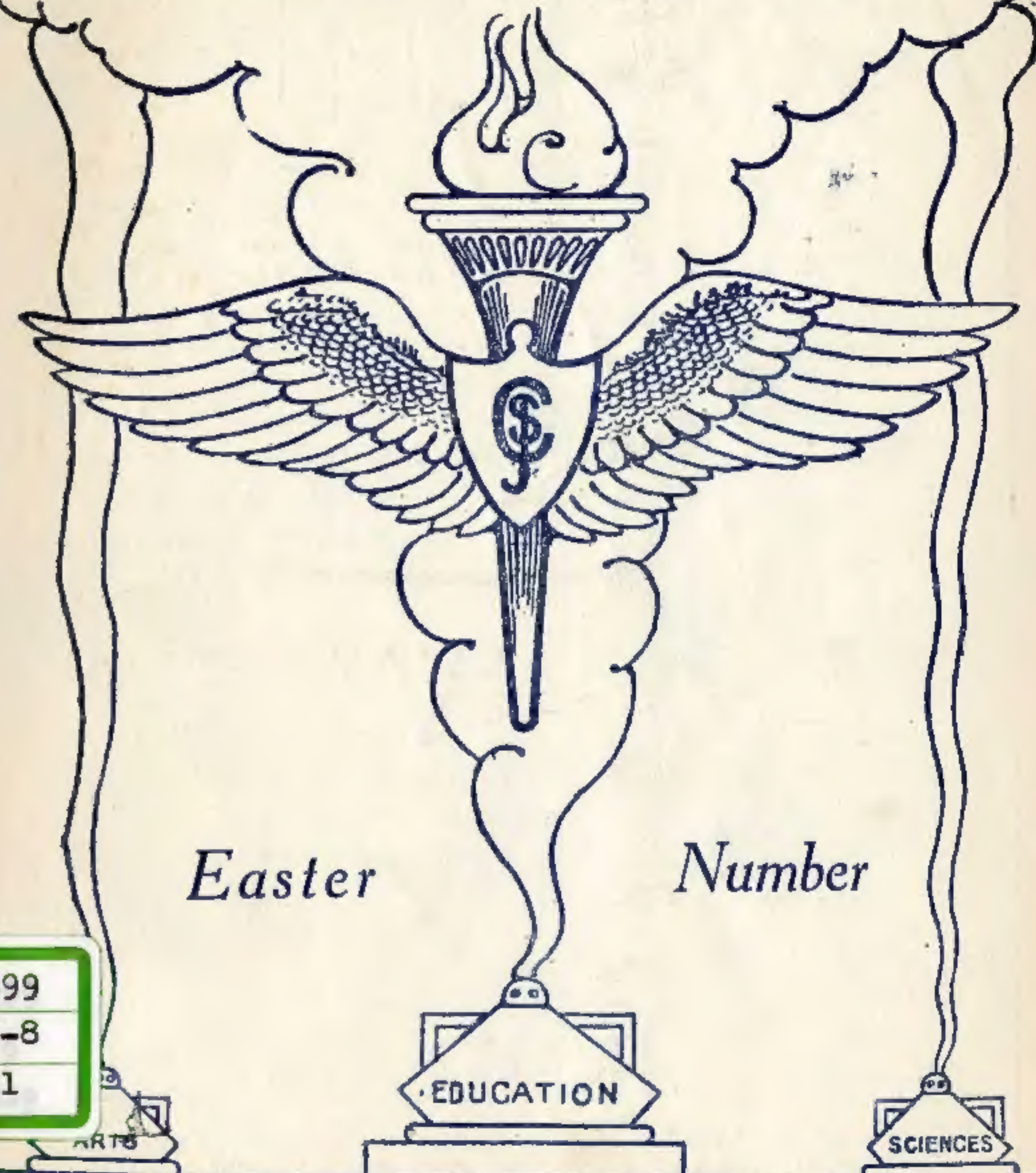


FORWARD



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St. Joseph's College

SUMIYOSHI KOBE, JAPAN

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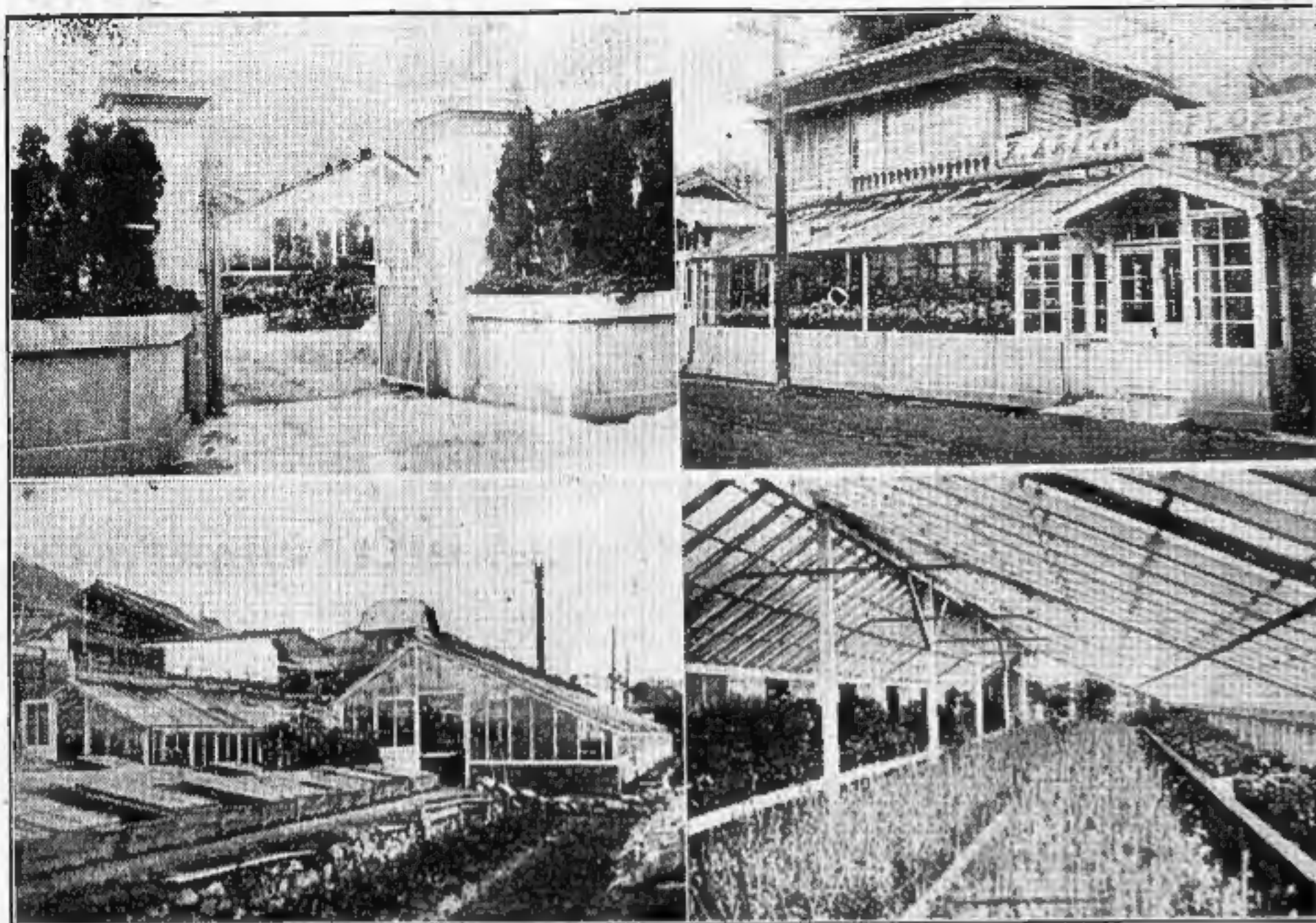
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LITERATURE

The Budding Artist

L. Cox '25.

ONE wet, misty autumn evening as I was hurrying thru a dark and narrow street in the lower part of the city of Vienna in company with a musical friend of mine we passed by a mean dwelling from which sweet sounds of music came, played by some yet untrained artist at the piano. My companion, a talented and skilled pianist, somewhat eccentric, and eager to listen to good music, suddenly stopped and excitedly grabbed me by the arm. A thrill of emotion must have run thru his whole frame; for, his eyes, turned heavenward, had in them a peculiar light of rapture; he placed his right hand gently on his breast; a blissful sigh came from his heaving chest; and a faint smile of satisfaction appeared in the corners of his mouth. Then squeezing my arm still tighter and turning his eyes longingly at the faintly lighted house, "Hark" he whispered, "do you hear that self-expression in those notes from Rubenstein's 'Melody in F'?" And before I could stop him, he had already climbed the grooved steps with unusual dexterity for an unathletic man. Without even knocking, he opened the heavy door which creaked on its hinges. He entered; the music suddenly stopped.

I quickly ran after him, up the steps and into the semi-lighted heavily shadowed room where I found my

confused companion stutteringly apologizing for his hasty intrusion to a delicate looking boy who sat at a rickety old piano. The youth sat staring and amazed at the actions of his unannounced visitor.

"Really, I couldn't help but invite myself to come in and listen to your wonderful playing." My friend was stammering as he nervously fidgeted with his soft felt hat. "It was exceedingly marvelous and inspiring," he praised, and as if a new thought suddenly struck him, he continued without pausing "Will you allow me to play that same piece on your piano? My boy, you are talented and with a little, careful training I will be able to develop you into one of the leading musicians of the age."

At these words the boy appeared to be frightened and confused and he cast a questioning glance at me. I hastily explained to him by means of signs that my friend was not out of his mind but a little eccentric. The young musician seemed to be satisfied by my gesticulations for with a beaming face he surrendered his place at the piano. My friend seated himself before the instrument and jerked back his head covered with long curly hair as a prelude. He then started to play the beautiful piece and minute after minute passed and each moment filled

APRIL, 1924.

the room with volumes of liquid flowing harmonies.

After the eccentric artist had brought his rolling fingers to a stop, the boy implored him to play some more and thus the hours slipped by until the town clock struck but one

and we had burnt up all the candles in the house. Ever since this little incident I always found them together either in the Professor's beautiful studio or in the humble dwelling on the dark narrow street.

Sir Snookumspits

J. Masson '25.

IT was a cold and dark night—this is for effect—the whistling wind was blowing high, the distant rumbling of thunder was growing louder and louder, accompanied by long flashes of lightning "river wide and steep", when the famous Sir Snookumspits, the escaped convict, could be seen working, dexterously as well as nervously at an old shutter of a large brick building. Yielding to his long and practised hand, it opened with a loud creak....The rest was easy....Without any hesitation he slowly entered; carefully shut the shutter and window behind him, so that no curious outsider might by chance interfere with his daily occupation.

Rubbing his hands and chuckling with his peculiar chuckle, at his luck and knowledge of this "blessed" room, as he called it, he slowly pulled out his worn-out torchlight, and spotted it in the direction he knew the safe was to be found. Sir Snookumspits turned turtle, pink and puzzled at the same time: "Well I'll be hornswaggled! Am I blind or what?" he muttered to himself in going forward to witness his annoying mistake, for there was no safe at all. Only a

library and other limited objects which his feeble light revealed, and these all new to his memorizing capacity. "But this cannot be," he reasoned, "for I'm dead sure by my funny bone, that I'm in the right house."

To make matters worse, whilst he was yet debating, his old torchlight gave out, and now he found himself in utter darkness. "My goodness" he half ejaculated, "I'm in a fine hole, and if I don't get out, why, by Jupiter and Olympus, I might be brought back to my former occupation and residence."

He nervously knelt down...slowly crawled in the direction he thought he had come in, when..."Ouch! You son of a Titus! I've half a mind to break thee into atoms." He hissed out as he unexpectedly bumped his shiny head into a large and heavy table, upsetting at the same time an ink bottle, which falling right on his bald pate emptied its contents down his neck.

"How! What's this?" he nearly yelled, putting up his hand to feel the cold thing running down his back... "A-h, w-what a relief, its only water and not those long and slimy centipedes

after all," he said, giving out a great sigh, nevertheless shaking like an aspen leaf, ready to jump up and shout for help, if it should have happened to be the latter.

Continuing his painful crawling a little more carefully, he at length reached the wall. "Whew! by Jimminey, I've come to it at last...now, the only thing is to walk along the wall, find that blooming window, and absent myself. I've had enough of this nonsensical creeping." He carried out his only plan, but without a single success. "Ah shucks! I'll be cow-kicked if I ain't a lunk-head, not to remember that, this crazy looking window was on the other side," he growled, tugging at his moustache, disappointed as well as now despairing of ever getting out.

Again he knelt down, went forward on his long, long trial, bumping his way here and there, so that on reaching his destination, he could not remember how many stars he had encountered; getting up with a slight dizziness, he tried his old plan of making his personal exit, but perhaps owing to his singing head, or growing weariness, he did not succeed.

Three hours passed, and there in the middle of his "blessed" room (as he had called it) lay Sir Snookumspits,

shirtless, bootless, pipeless, and hatless. His bald head, which had boasted of a few tufts of hair, was all scraped out from excessive bumping, whilst his moustache formerly pointing upwards was now pointing downwards. His face was full of sweat and ink, indeed with his pug nose and elephant ears, he presented a perfect picture of a lammed out bulldog the cat brought in.

At dawn, the owner, an early riser, coming down into his room was surprised at the disorder, but was still more astounded to see the famous Sir Snookumspits lying fast asleep.

"My goodness, it looks as if a typhoon swept past this room, but who would have thought of finding this convict in such a contented state. I'm indeed lucky to have changed my old room into an entirely new one; and to have taken the safe upstairs. Probably this is the reason why this loafer was trapped, he reasoned.

Now it was the owner's turn to chuckle at his luck, for he would receive the reward promised for Sir Snookumspits' arrest. The owner being somewhat of a miser, at once notified the police...after a few minutes of waiting, ... the officers entered ... conveyed Sir Snookumspits back to his old cell, where he can still be seen sleeping behind the bars, recuperating,

A Terrible Deed in Reality

I. Volkoff '25.

I've heard of many terrible things but the one I'm about to relate is the worst of all. It happened some years ago in Vladivostock, when the govern-

ment was too weak and poor to have a strong police force. Brigands and kidnappers were at their boldest deeds.

One fine morning Mr. and Mrs.....

well known merchants, were impatiently awaiting the return of their two sons who were to come back from a short stay at their country seat about twenty miles out of town. The train by which they were to come had long passed the Vladivostok station and was many miles beyond the city; many more trains followed it but still the children of Mr. and Mrs.....had not arrived.

Evening came, but no word of relief for the anxious hearts of the waiting parents. With the dark night came darker tidings to the heart-sick father and mother. Their boys had suddenly disappeared in the morning and no one knew where they had gone. Rumors however circled around. Early morning swimmers from the seashore reported that they had seen a party of about ten carrying two burdens, winding their way up across the rocky heights of the mountains. But if they were peaceful citizens or barbarous outlaws no one could say.

The next day the servants brought in the morning mail. One of the letters revealed the secret. A hundred thousand gold roubles were demanded for the release of their sons, and for final arrangements Mr.....was to meet some of the kidnappers at an appointed place. He was allowed to bring a friend along with him. So in company with Detective Mertsaloff, a real Sherlock Holmes, one of the best Russia had at normal times, Mr.....went to settle matters.

Now Mr.....although a well to do merchant could never pay such a fabulous sum; one fifth that amount was all he could raise. Having just settled for several invoices it was with

difficulty that he gathered twenty thousands roubles. It was a disheartened father who returned home towards noon. Two hours of debating brought the sum down to forty but the villains would not come down a rouble more. A threat was made that if within a certain time the sum was not paid, the boys would be killed. A warning to the rest of the citizens...

Every day for almost a week Mr.....met the kidnappers but nothing could be arranged. To arrest them would be foolish. The ones remaining in the den would not stop at getting rid of the two boys.

Meanwhile Detective Mertsaloff was hard at work. Disguised, he shadowed the villains every day and at last found out their rendezvous. It was an old, solitary, two-storied, wooden house, several miles to the west of the city in peaceful and unsuspecting surroundings.

The day of reckoning came, but still the cutthroats were firm and Mr.....could not make a loan to balance the amount demanded. Towards noon Mr.....was to meet the bandits for the last time. And early that morning Detective Mertsaloff with fifty men set out for the den. Some two hundred yards from the place they got off their cars, and cautiously began to make their way towards the house. A quarter of the way was covered but not a sign from the house showed that they were seen. Half way, and not a sign. At close quarters, all the windows flew open and a terrific report of guns echoed and re-echoed thru the quiet neighborhood. No one was seriously hurt. By now the house was entirely surrounded;

some twenty yards separated the police from their goal. In spite of the tat-tat-tat of rifles and the occasional bang-bang of revolvers, detective Mertsaloff was prepared for the rush when suddenly everything quieted down. The next minute all the doors flew open and out rushed the kidnapers with an air of frenzied desperation.

Shining round objects were hurled at the police. By throwing themselves on the ground the guardians of the law avoided serious injuries, so but few were badly hurt. The crooks gone, one thing remained to do; to enter the house. The detective and five men entered. As soon as they

crossed the threshold they read an awful tale. Away from the door, across the room and up a stairway leading to the second floor was a trail made of human fingers and toes. Heart sick from this terrible sight, the men went upstairs. There in the middle of the room lying in pools of blood were two bodies.

As quick as possible the men returned to town; five however were left to watch the house. As soon as the returning party started to go, a terrible explosion tore the house asunder and immediately flames swept through the debris, the burial place of the innocent victims of barbarism, whose lives were taken for money.

The Child's Happiness

Rupert Cox '25.

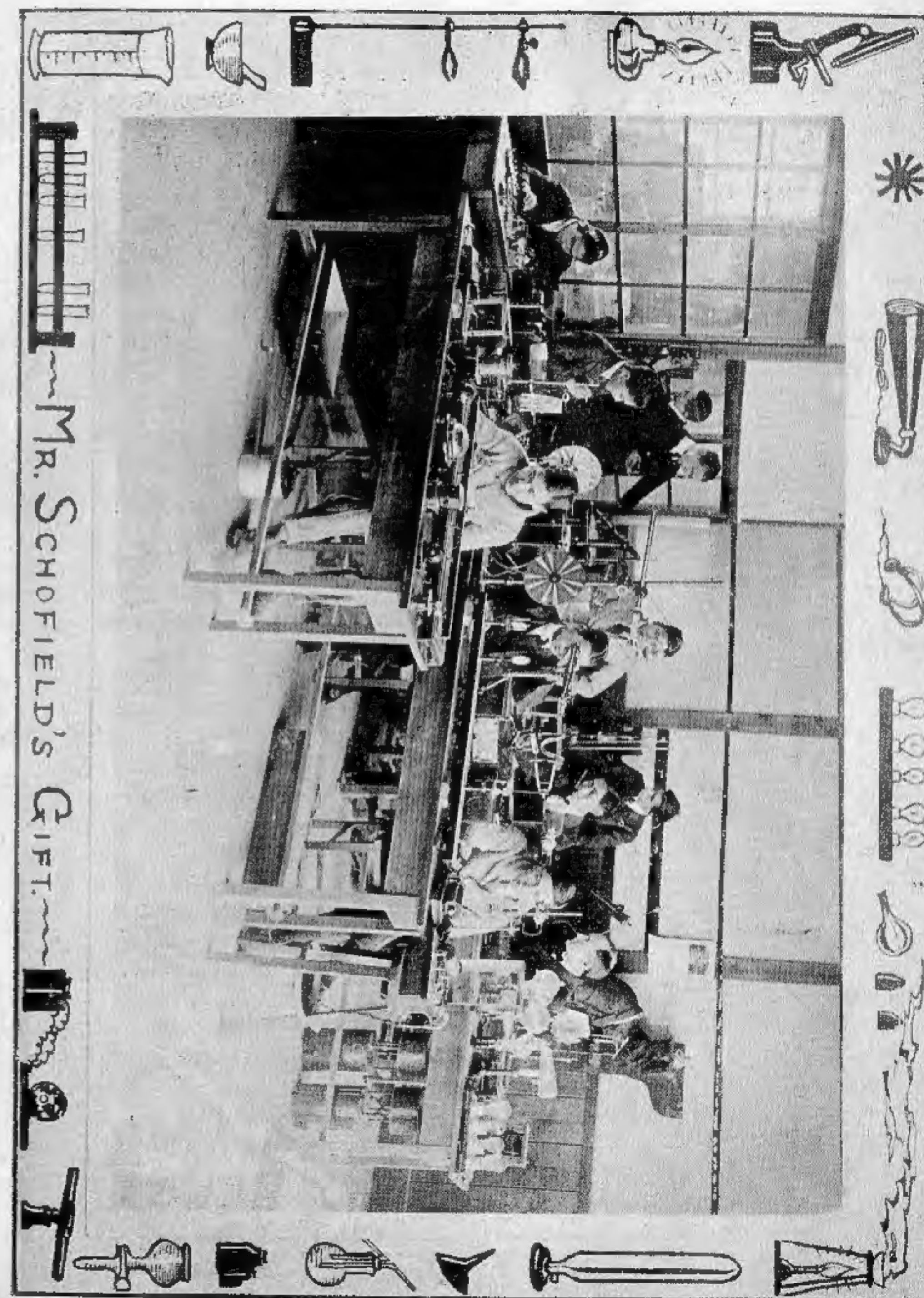
ONE day I was walking along a quiet and limpid stream, which meandered in and out, thru a little wood. I suddenly turned a bend and was surprised to see in front of me a little boy and his mother.

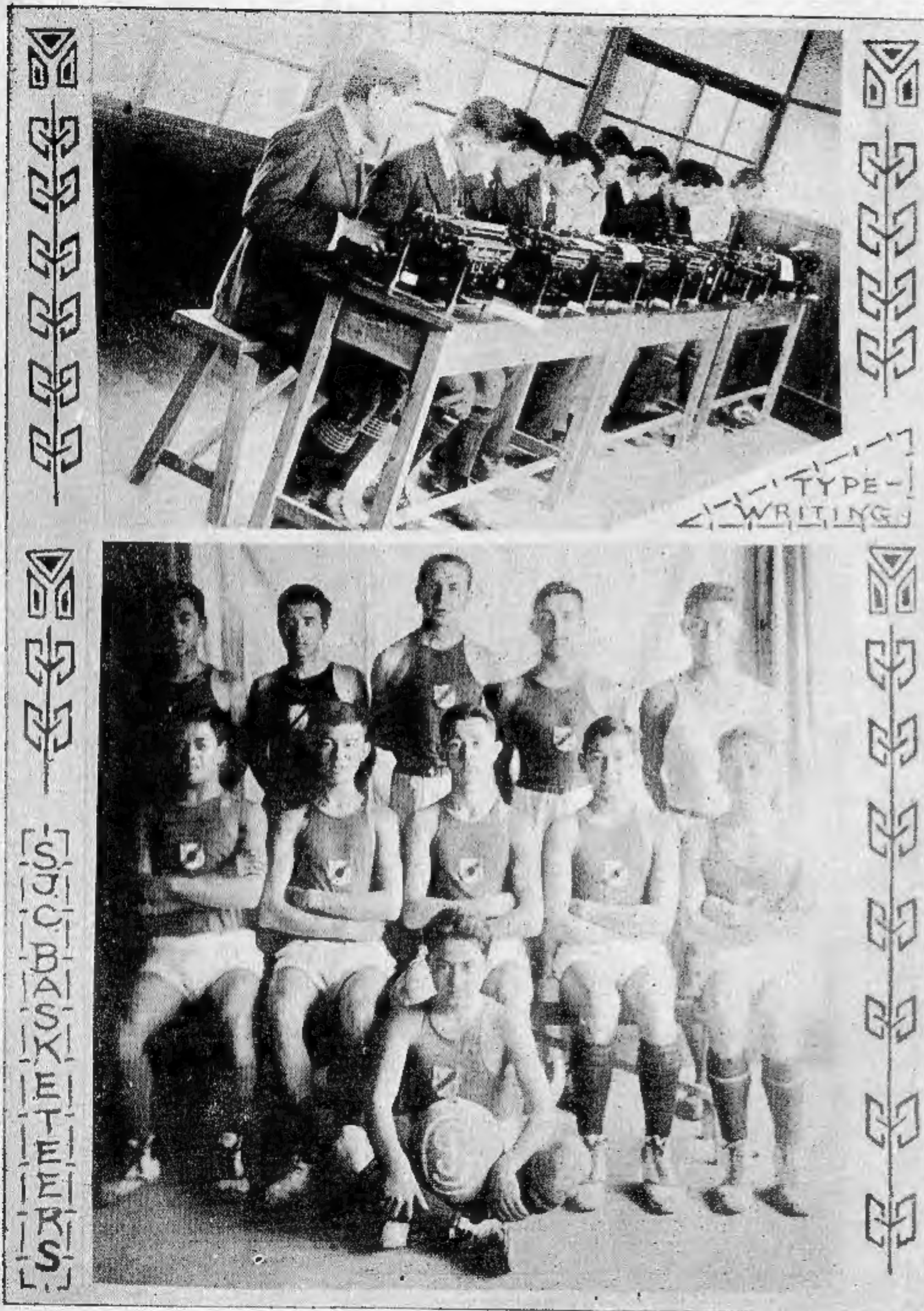
The child was but a little one and I don't believe his age exceeded three. I stood there, where I was, partly concealed by a bush and watched the couple for a time. But as soon as I became aware of my position and being somewhat of a bashful nature I turned away from the bank of the stream instead of following it down as I intended to do. Yet my bump of curiosity was rather large; and that feeling conquered over my timidity. So retracing my steps I reached the bank again. Then putting my hands

deep in my pockets and whistling softly a popular tune I advanced slowly towards the little boy and his mother in the careless unconcerned way. A short space away from the child I halted and watched him closely for a time. You would not blame me for my rudeness had you seen the cute looking, attractive boy.

The child at the moment was busy filling a little bucket with stones; one by one he picked up the beautiful ones worn out and smoothened by constant rolling in the stream. When the little boy's bucket was full he would carry it to his mother and pour out its contents at her feet. Then he looked up.

Ah! what a lovely face he had, like an angel's or like that of some celestial being. Never before had I seen such





a lovely creature; his plumpy cheeks all aglow with health; the innocent eyes, blue as the heavens, surrounded by long beautiful eyelashes, looked up at his mother as if to say: "Mother, do you like these stones?" His ruby lips that lisped out words of love to his patient mother and which, now and then, spread out into a charming smile, revealed two rows of perfect tiny teeth, as white as polished ivory. The child had a prominent brow which proved that he was an intelligent boy. The golden hair on his head shone in the sunlight as he raised his plumpy

hands to his mother's knees. He asked her with accents sweet, which all babies possess, to lift him up, on her lap. The mother stooped and picked up her loving one and gently pressed him against her bosom and kissed the little child.

I would have stayed there longer; but I suddenly realized my awkward position, so I went slowly away. The golden sun at that moment was sinking behind the hills, lengthening the purple shadows of the trees; I turned and I saw the happy couple stand up and merrily skip away.

The Initiation

M. Fahtmann '25.

MY first day at the University is a day never to be forgotten. I had scarcely reached the campus and was trying to make friends, when a bunch of older boys tackled and blindfolded me, before I could yell Jack Robinson. You bet I felt rather queer. I couldn't make out what they were trying to do. But after what seemed centuries I found myself sitting in a pitch dark room with a spot of light dimly shining, way in the distance.

My first thought was to get out, so I went straight for the thin streak of light. Soon I found myself in a narrow passage whose damp sides could be touched without stretching my arms very much. Walking carefully, feeling along the wall, my fingers unluckily came in contact with an electrified button. Jumping back from sheer fright I stood motionless wondering what the matter could be when

of a sudden the most weird sounds could be heard. From the very walls screamed a pitch-high banshee voice while from the earth rumbled a gurgling base voice of some demon. Such awful noises they were, that it made a cold chill creep up the spine. Not wanting to stay there any longer I dashed ahead and in my hurry fell head-long into a hole. The most horrid time was spent there for the place was full of hungry mice that ran all over my body. With frantic efforts I tried to get out and when I was just about to give up hope my fingers happened to get hold of a nail. With three good efforts I extricated myself. Glad to be out again I went more cautiously this time towards the bright ahead. Scarcely had I taken fifty steps and made a slight curve when the most horrible picture stood before me. Two revolving iron cylin-

ders blocked the way. On these instruments of torture many glittering blades protruded. The whole passage was choked with the bones of the dead. Seating myself amongst the many skulls lying around me I began to think in which way I could escape. At last the idea came to me to try and stop the revolving cylinders. Plucking up all my courage I went and grabbed hold of the blunt side of the knife when to my greatest surprise it gave way. Upon careful examination I found out that all the knives were made of soft rubber

painted in such a way that until one came close to them they looked like steel.

Upon reaching the open I found a whole mob of students laughing at me, and I joined in their merry laughter. They seemed to be greatly pleased with me for they carried me on their shoulders and marched all over the campus singing their University song.

They tried this to find out my character and being satisfied they took me into their "bunch" and ever after that, my university life was spent in joy and happiness.

The Kuen-lun Treasure

F. Clarke 27.

IT was in the summer of 1923 that I and my two companions Charles and Joe Davis met with some extravagant adventure on the barren plateau of Tibet. Our destination for the night, a Tibetan village, still lay a good several leagues ahead near to the foothills of a spur of the Kuen-lun Mountains whose peaks towered at our left. Tracks were seen now and then but that is all and as evening advanced with rapid gait no village hove into sight nor could we discern any glimmering light when darkness gathered. We were lost but not unwatched.

Late in the night the moon rose in the rugged cloud strewn sky, and thanks to her pale light we could continue to tramp on the hard stony ground. As we trudged along we glanced suspiciously right and left and sometimes when we looked behind we

could see the dark forms of some beings which seemed to be following us in a cautious manner. We were thus advancing for about a mile keeping our fears and imaginations to ourselves when we suddenly found our perilous condition; we were surrounded by some rough growling bandits who quickly held us up with their somewhat primitive firearms, stripped us of our valuables and made us prisoners. For days they continued to lead us towards the Kuen-lun Mountains, but as to where they were really taking us we had not the least idea. With much difficulty and cunning we managed to learn from one of the gang that they were taking us to a cave at the foot of the eastern part of the Kuen-lun Mountains and that their design was to keep us prisoners there until they could get the money for our ransom. When we heard this plain

assertion of their plan we were crest-fallen as you may imagine, but we resolved to make the best of it and to seize the first opportunity to escape that presented itself.

Now all this time they had led us through a country excessively wild and desolate where no trace of human footsteps was to be seen. After a long and fatiguing journey we at last reached the cave. The captain, a tall Chinaman, after giving the necessary orders left in company of a few detestable looking soldiers for the rendezvous of his accomplices where he hoped to obtain our ransom prices. We were left under a double guard.

But this was of no avail for early the next morning we had loosened our bonds and made ready to take advantage of the first sign of laxity of our guard. It soon came and we beat our retreat whilst they were disputing over a game they were playing. We took our flight through an opening in the rear of the cave which led to another cavern by means of a long and narrow passage. When we reached this part of the cave we were surprised to see a low table standing in the middle of the nature formed chamber, in front of Buddha before which were some flattened piles of incense. Rushing to it we saw to our amazement several gold coins scattered about the floor and a small iron box on the table. Gradually there dawned upon us the conviction that we were in one of the many robbers refuges for which the mountains in that vicinity were noted. With a feeling of wonder we gathered the gold coins and divided it amongst ourselves, as for the box, we tried to open it but without suc-

cess. *At length whilst feeling over it with the most minute care I suddenly touched a button. Click! and immediately the box opened revealing a scrap roll of dirty looking rice-paper. But upon unrolling it we found it to be a map showing the locality of a treasure hidden among the western portion of the Kuen-lun Mountains.

You may fancy our pleasure. But now the question was how to reach civilization again for our safety was not secure for the soldiers such as they were would undoubtedly begin a search for us. We accidentally found a passage thorough a whole series of other caves which the eastern extremity of the Kuen-lun Mountains seemed to be abounding in. This was the beginning of our luck, for this passage led us through for quite a long time but finally brought us out into the open air and sunlight which was a very welcome sight indeed. We had hardly travelled a few miles south when we spied a friendly-looking Chinese Caravan which was passing us on its way to the neighboring cities. We advanced towards them and in broken Chinese we explained our distress and were able to join the party who treated us with civility and kindness.

After we had reached Sincan we hired a guide and immediately set out in quest of the treasure. Three weeks later found us among the Kuen-lun again searching with great diligence for the booty. After many attempts and failures we at last got upon the right track. The treasure was hidden precisely beneath a sharp-pointed rock in the utmost recesses of a coppice thickly overgrown with brambles.

Having removed all obstacles we drew back the sliding bolts in which consisted the sole fastening of the lid.

In an instant a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. We shall not pretend to describe the feeling with which we gazed at it. Amazement was of course predominant. After we had recovered from this stupor we made haste to remove the

treasure for we longed to return again to civilization. After a month we at last reached Japan, our home, only to learn of the destruction of our dwellings which were in Yokohama. But that loss was insignificant for our resources had increased a hundred fold and we are now pretty well off in a cozy bungalow in a fashionable portion of the city of Kobe.

FRANÇAIS

Quelques Avis

M. Agafuroff '25.

Mes amis, quand nous aurons quitté cette école, quelques-uns d'entre nous continueront leurs études dans une université ou dans quelque autre école supérieure, tandis que d'autres commenceront immédiatement à gagner leur vie par leur propre travail.

Alors les soucis et les vicissitudes inévitables de la vie viendront se succéder les uns aux autres, et plus d'un, au souvenir des années heureuses et sereines du passé, se dira : "Ah, que ne donnerais-je pas pour pouvoir retourner à l'école et revivre le passé. Comme je m'efforcerais de bien employer le temps dont j'ai si peu profité". Mais ce sera inutile de se perdre en vains regrets. Nous aurons à nous appliquer aux devoirs multiples que la lutte pour la vie nous imposera chaque jour.

Profitions donc maintenant des inappréciables avantages qui nous sont offerts tous les jours, et il ne nous sera pas très difficile, plus tard, de

vaincre dans la lutte générale pour l'existence. Au contraire si nous perdons, par légèreté ou paresse, le temps si précieux de nos années d'études, le moment viendra sûrement où nous regretterons amèrement notre conduite. Alors il nous sera impossible de réparer le temps perdu, car, comme le dit le proverbe populaire : "Le temps perdu ne revient plus."

Si nous comparons les petits efforts et la peine légère qu'exige l'accomplissement de nos devoirs d'écoliers, avec les peines et les travaux que l'avenir nous réserve, nous ne nous plaindrons plus de la longueur de nos devoirs ou de la difficulté de nos leçons.

Soyons donc sages ; ne perdons pas notre temps maintenant et nous sortirons victorieux des difficultés de l'existence, pourvu que nous conservions toujours cette ardeur pour le travail et cet amour du bien qui doit animer tout homme droit et vertueux.

Une aventure du petit Pierre

I. Volkoff '25.

Pierre, fils d'une pauvre famille vivant dans un petit village, était un grand poltron. Une araignée lui faisait peur, et on l'entendait pousser des cris terribles quand une chenille tomba d'un arbre sur lui. Une belle après-midi, son père l'envoya à la ville voisine acheter quelques objets que l'on ne pouvait se procurer dans le village.

Pierre quitta donc sa maison et se dirigea tranquillement vers la ville. A mi-chemin entre celle-ci et le village se trouvait une forêt que Pierre devait traverser. Comme il avait peur des voleurs, il se mit à courir aussi vite que ses jambes pouvaient le porter.

Arrivé à la ville, il acheta ce qu'il lui fallait. Le marchand qui connaissait bien l'enfant, lui dit pour s'amuser : "Sais-tu, Pierre que l'autre jour deux hommes ont été assassinés dans la forêt voisine? On dit qu'elle est pleine de brigands." A ces mots, Pierre se mit à trembler, mais bientôt une confiance soudaine se saisit de lui, et il se dit en lui-même : "Tout ça n'est pas vrai, et je n'ai pas peur de rentrer seul."

En effet, il se mit en route, quand il commença déjà à faire sombre, et lorsqu'il arriva dans la forêt, une profonde obscurité regnait déjà partout. Pierre ne se sentait pas rassuré et il

pensa : "Quoi, si ce que cet homme a dit était vrai quand même....." Préoccupé de cette pensée il poursuivit sa route. Tout à coup il lui sembla voir un homme couché par terre et prêt à sauter sur lui. "Regardons un peu mieux," dit Pierre, l'angoisse dans l'âme. Et il vit un autre homme, puis un troisième, et puis un quatrième, ... Au bout de cinq minutes il put en compter plus de vingt. Le pauvre Pierre se trouva cloué sur place par l'épouvante et son imagination travaillait fébrilement. Cependant, après quelque temps, il retrouva un peu de courage et il cria, "Allez-vous en, ou je vous battraï," et l'écho lui renvoya les mêmes paroles. Mais son esprit troublé comprit. "Tu es perdu ; nous te tuerons. Toute la nuit se passa en insultes, contre les voleurs.

Vers le matin quand la clarté du jour reparut, les voleurs contre lesquels Pierre avait cru se battre, commencèrent par prendre une forme. Tous étaient ronds et tous étaient petits, et en les regardant de plus près, Pierre vit que ce qu'il avait pris pour des ennemis mortels, n'étaient que des troncs d'arbres.

Combien d'enfants, semblables à Pierre, ont peur d'un rien et voient un réel danger là où il n'y en a même pas l'ombre.

Le Roitelet

L. Cox '25.

Lorsque les oiseaux s'assemblèrent pour se choisir un roi, une vive dis-

pute s'éleva parmi eux, car ils ne savaient à qui donner la préférence.

Le paon s'avança et dit; "La beauté est la qualité que je désire voir dans un roi. Exhibons nos plumes. "Et il déploya sa queue en un magnifique disque où brillaient mille couleurs.

"Moi, je désire voir la dignité," dit le hibou. "C'est le plus bel ornement d'un roi. Choisissons celui qui a l'apparence la plus digne."

"Pour moi," dit le perroquet, "je prétends que celui-là doit avoir la couronne qui parle le mieux."

Il eut à peine achevé de parler, que l'aigle s'écria d'un ton hautain et dominateur: "L'habileté à voler m'élève au-dessus de toutes les créatures. Il faut élire celui d'entre nous qui vole le plus haut. Pour cette

raison, il me semble que la dignité royale ne convient qu'à moi. Cependant, avant de prendre une décision finale, organisons un concours et voyons qui volera le plus haut." Et comme il était fort et cruel il obligea tous les autres oiseaux d'accepter sa proposition.

A un signe de sa part, tous les oiseaux s'élevèrent dans les airs, chacun s'efforçant de voler plus haut que l'autre. Bientôt on aperçut l'aigle planant bien au-dessus des autres oiseaux; mais le moment arriva où lui aussi fut épuisé et se vit forcé de descendre. Alors un roitelet qui s'était perché sur le dos de l'oiseau énorme, vola un peu plus haut que ce dernier. Et ainsi, le petit roitelet fut proclamé roi à la grande déception de l'aigle.

Reminiscences de mon école d truite

E. Jungers '24.

Plus de six mois se sont écoulés depuis la terrible catastrophe, dont le souvenir est encore si vif dans nos esprits, et dont notre cher collègue a été une des nombreuses victimes.

Que d'émotions tristes et mélancoliques remplissent mon esprit quand je pense aux temps si beaux et si joyeux que j'ai passés dans ma chère école de Yokohama. Ah! qui me rendra tous les innocents plaisirs dont j'ai joui avant que le terrible cataclysme vint nous forcer, presque tous, à nous disperser aux quatre vents. Avec quels regrets je pense aux cours spacieuses où une ardente et joyeuse jeunesse se débattait et satisfaisait sa nature sportive, et aux vieux et vénéra-

bles édifices où le savoir s'éveilla pour la première fois dans nos jeunes esprits.

Une des images qui me reviennent le plus souvent à l'esprit, est celle de la rotonde où nous passions nos après-midis de samedi à jouer des séances de cinéma, toujours si intéressantes et si instructives. C'est encore la salle d'étude où, à certaines heures de récréation, les amis du plaisir, et nous l'étions tous, se jouaient des tours innocents, les uns aux autres.

Mais il ne faut pas que j'oublie notre dortoir et notre réfectoire, deux endroits dont l'image surgit d'une manière très vive devant mes yeux, puisque j'ai mené la vie de pension dans le Collège St. Joseph, jusqu'au moment

du grand cataclysme.

Oh! comme je désirerais vivre encore dans ces murs familiers, dont il ne reste plus maintenant que des ruines; mais des ruines qui, j'en ai la douce certitude, se relèveront pour abriter de nouveau une nombreuse et studieuse

jeunesse. Aussi je ne veux point me lamenter outre mesure sur le terrible malheur dont la Providence nous a visités. Une pensée me console et me reconforte: C'est que Dieu l'a permis et ce que Dieu nous envoie est toujours destiné à produire un plus grand bien.

Un exemple d'héroïsme

M. Fachtmann '25.

La tempête faisait rage. La mer était si furieuse et le vent si violent que les bateaux même qui naviguaient en pleine mer, étaient violemment secoués. Ceux qui étaient près de la côte étaient plus exposés encore, car un simple coup de vent aurait suffi pour les jeter contre un rocher où ils se seraient brisés.

Or, ce jour là, un navire était en péril en face du port de Fécamp, en Normandie. Le remorqueur "Jean Bart" essaya de sortir du port pour porter secours au vapeur en détresse. La violence des vagues rendait la traversée extrêmement périlleuse et le petit vapeur fut jeté contre l'estacade où son hélice se brisa. Le pauvre "Jean Bart," ne pouvant plus résister aux assauts furieux des flots, alla à la dérive et les vagues déferlaient avec une violence effroyable contre lui. La perte en paraissait certaine.

L'héroïque sauveteur Duparc, au péril de sa vie, se prépara à se porter au secours de l'équipage. Il essaya de gagner le vapeur à la nage, mais au bout de quelques brasses, il est englouti par les flots.

C'est alors que Frébourg s'élance dans la mer. La foule essaye de le retenir, lui disant que c'est une entreprise impossible, et que la tenter c'est s'exposer à une mort certaine. Mais Frébourg ne veut rien entendre. Il s'échappe et, tenant d'une main l'extrémité d'une corde dont l'autre bout est fixé au rivage, il se jette dans la mer. Au prix d'efforts inouïs, il gagne le pont au moment où le capitaine et deux de ses matelots étaient emportés par une vague.

Mais il en reste encore deux. Notre héros les attache l'un après l'autre et finit par opérer leur sauvetage. Puis il attend encore quelques instants pour voir si le capitaine et les deux hommes reviendront à la surface. Après une vaine attente de quelques moments il détache la corde, se jette dans la mer et, porté par les vagues, gagne le rivage, épuisé, meurtri et presque inanimé.

La foule l'entoure, le félicite. Mais l'héroïque sauveteur dit seulement ces paroles: "Ce n'est rien, je n'ai fait que mon devoir."

POETRY

A FADED FLOWER.

In a gladsome hour, I saw the flower,
Its beauty mirrored in a lake,
With its head erect, in purple decked,
It looked a thing of fairy make;
But another day, that blossom gay
I saw it withered on the ground,
For a blighting storm had crushed its form,
Its plight but gave me thoughts profound.

Now the life of man is a tiny span,
His happy hours go dancing by;
As the landscape fades, the ebon shades
Of care and pain obscure the sky.
For a better day but let him pray,
While life's star shines, all hope's not gone.
In a fairer clime a better time
Awaits him at the golden dawn.

'Tis the God above, Whose hand of love
Will e'er the drooping spirit raise
Of the humble soul that seeks the goal
Of heaven, fervent when it prays;
And the angels fair, within their care
Will take it, ere its footsteps roam,
To that golden shore, that soul will soar,
To find a better, sweeter home.

Wm. Abromitis.

A DEW-DROP.

The shadows of the night are gone,
So are the pleasant dreams.
The golden morn, the rosy morn,
Sends forth its brilliant beams.

A lonely drop of glittering dew,
Is on the grassy bed,
A pearly white, a sapphire blue,
And then a ruby red.

It saw the beauties of the glade,
The waters, pure and bright;
It smiled upon the tender blade...
But vanished in the light.

It might have been an angel's tear,
A tear of joy or grief;

And sparkled softly, bright and clear,
Upon this glossy leaf.

A fairy might have left it there,
To glisten in the dawn,
To teach us mortals: all that's fair
Will soon, fore'er, be gone.

A. D'AQUINO '25.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The bright blue sky
It shows thereby
A fine and sunny day,
The soft warm breeze
Among the trees
Proclaims the Month of May.

The hills are seen
A fresh bright green,
The sun its golden ray
Doth meet to kiss
Sweet flowers bliss
Oh! glorious Month of May.

Fresh lilies grow
Where once the snow
In white expanse did lay,
The birdies sing
With cheery ring
Throughout the Month of May.

As Nature shows
Her glad halos
Why can't we mortals say
A little phrase
Of loving praise
The Her, the Queen of May.

C. REMEDIOS '24.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossoms for the trees,

With the flowers and the breeze,
Spring is coming, winter flees.
Spring is coming!

Spring is here! Spring is here!
Now the little bee is humming,
And the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine flutters by.
Spring has come!

STANLEY DRESSER '26.

SPRING-TIME.

Singing sweetly,
Fresh and balmy,
Comes the northern breeze.
Like a melody,
Soft and dreamy,
Through the vernal trees.

'Tis a calling
For the blooming
Of the fragrant flowers.
And a heralding
For the coming
Of the pretty bowers.

Spring is coming
It is calling
From the sunny vales.
Flowers are blooming,
Birds are singing
On the verdant dales.

S. SHAW '25.

AN ALPINE DAWN.

Upon a world with silence strewed
The glistening sunbeams dawn;
To cheer it up with its gay mood,
When night's dark hours are gone.

Beyond from down the rocky mount
A murmur rises slow,
Alike the splashing of a fount
As it does gently flow.

The distant sounds become more sharp

The source is coming near
Its tones are mellow as a harp
Faint twinklings, I now hear

O'er yonder crest they've now appeared
A troop of Alpine sheep
A sight not rare but very weird
In wilderness so deep.

With lively steps and movements free
I see them move away
To graze upon the verdant lea,
All through the Alpine day.

W. JUNGERS '24.

SWEET HOME.

I love to roam o'er grassy ways,
Or 'neath the shady trees;
I love to see the silvery bays,
That ripple with the breeze.

I love to roam o'er silent hills,
Where whispering winds do sigh;
I love to hear near winding rills,
Its drowsy lullaby.

I love to lie 'mong grassy vales,
The clear blue sky o'erhead;
I love to see the countless quails,
That soar from their green beds.

I love to hear a birdie's song,
That makes me bright and gay;
I love to watch them all day long,
To learn their charming way.

I love 'mong towering rocks to roam,
Where nature's beauty blend;
But love the best to stay at home,
And there my day to end.

M. FACHTMANN '25.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS.

- (1) Who captains well our favorite game,
A Senior and a chap of fame;
Who from the town of Kobe came?

Why, Pinky.

- (2) Who is the baby of our class;
Who smiles just like a youthful lass,
When everything well comes to pass?

Why, Rupy.

- (3) Who loves to play with bat and ball,
From early spring to late in fall,
And now an expert you may call?

Why, Eddy.

- (4) Who had a craze for roller skates,
And used them well, as he relates,
Till nigh he reached Heaven's gates?

Why, Balda.

- (5) Who spends his time from day to day,
In writing verse, and soon he may,
Become another Scott or Grey?

Why, Cleo.

- (6) Who combs his hair with greatest care,
And glare at him, who will dare,
Derange his nicely parted hair?

Why, Maxie.

- (7) Who has a pair of dimples sweet
Whene'er he smiles or does a feat,
That we applaud, then blush complete?

Why, Louis.

- (8) Who says: The tallest chap you see
Amongst us all at S. J. C.
Is he himself, with modesty?

Why, Aga.

- (9) Who is an actor fine by birth,
Who turns our worries of this earth,

And petty griefs of self, to mirth?

Why, Johnny.

- (10) Who from the land of China came,
To study in our school of fame,
Perhaps to make himself a name.

Why, Sammy.

- (11) Who wrote these lines in candlelight,
And sang these verses in the night?
With modesty, my name I write:

Charlie.

C. REMEDIOS '24.

THE WIND.

I come from clear ethereal skies,
Where golden sunbeams glow.

I come from shades of Paradise,
Where modest flowers grow.

I've seen the nations rise and go,
Like billows on the deep.

I've seen the ages form and flow,
Lie down in ancient sleep.

I glide along the verdant glades,
And o'er the silent hills.

I murmur in the pine tree's shades,
And near the tiny rills.

I bear with me the winter's cold,
And summer's sunny breeze.

I bring with me the autumn's gold,
And vernal buds and trees.

I. VOLKOFF '25

EDITORIAL

Easter

Jungers

THE cold bleak days of wintry winds to replace its predecessor.
have faded away and spring comes All nature is awakened from its
dancing gayly over the melting snow long slumber and mantled in her green

attire, she beams her smiling features on us again.

The verdant leas and meadows bear all the invigorating sign of rejuvenescence and from the neighboring woods, the twittering and chirping of birds comes floating to our attentive ears.

No more does the dismal wind sigh and wail through the branches of the trees that grow in the shady woodlands, bearing with it, its weird melancholy tones, but the gentle never tiring brook traverses its tranquil nooks, bouncing and rippling along its sandy banks, sending a thrill of joy through the veins of the earth and into the hearts of men.

All the world is aglow with life and happiness. Even the soft balmy

breeze carries with it, its glad tidings and the fragrant order of the roses and lilies that bloom in the near-by hedges. But still more joyous tidings has it to convey to us.

Upon a verdant flower-decked hill, outlined against the clear sapphire of the sky, the church-steeple stands out in prominence, like a phantom in the heavens.

Buoyantly floating upon the ripples of the zephyrs, its merry chimes announce the grandest of all feasts.

Yes, 'tis Easter the day when Christ has risen from the dead. A day of rejuvenescence and joy; one which rightly deserves and demands to be crowned by the glories of the youthful season.

Stepping Stones

Jungers

HAVING overcome all the impediments of life and successfully scaled the rocky steps of existence and if one looks back through the dim haze of retreating years towards the days of youthful joy and gaiety, and observes all those qualities which were his guides or stepping stones in the struggle to surmount the obstacles along his thorny, rugged path, he would see that character stands out prominently in relief on the background of time.

Character has an important role to play in the unfolding of success for any individual. It smoothen his weatherworn ways by raising him in the esteem of others, thus gaining and establishing a well deserved name and reputation.

Knowledge and education were also

conspicuous factors in the attainment of his goal, that of mounting to the culminating summit of success. They rendered the rough routes accessible and made him more familiar with his surroundings. He felt more at ease in social circles and he was prepared to deal in all matters in the right manner with those around him.

Men there are who thus ascended the narrow path to success. Men of character and will. Will you, when the icy grip of death is tightening its hold on you, claim and say that you have been fortunate and successful and that you have rode on the crest of the tide, the tide of character; that character which took its roots in the family circle, was strengthened at school and which was invigorated by the great truths of religion?

Schooldays

Remedios

AFTER the playfulness of his nursery days, the boy must go a little farther into the world. To school must be the advancement; there to gain knowledge and wisdom and training as a gentleman.

This time of his life is perhaps the happiest of his days though he may not think so on account of the amount of work he has to perform. But free from all earthly cares he diverts his attention to the new surroundings. Eagerly he grasps the instructions of his teachers and willingly joins in the games and wilcs of his classmates. Youth at this time is still at the beginning; the youthful age or perhaps the foolish age, giddy as a butterfly in a bed of sweet flowers, thus life appears to him.

No very serious sorrow obstructs

his bright and happy movements; nothing very great comes between him and the numerous golden opportunities for success. His knowledge of strife in life is not yet conceived, and he plans wonderful and great things which would never have entered his young mind if he had but a little experience in this world.

Schooldays are the days of light-heartedness; a silver lining without a dark cloud, and once gone, never can they be unrolled again; for gone it is like a rainbow which a moment before adorned the sky but now fades away. Though schooldays may be disagreeable to some; he that feels so during it will sigh for these very days once he will have to paddle his own canoe amid rocky rapids on the streams of life.

ALUMNI

Dear Mr. Janning:

I have read with much interest the letter from the Secretary of the A.A. A. (H. Mason) published in the last copy of Forward and think that you may be interested to hear from another Old Boy.

Firstly I think that the present scholars at the College will back me when I say that more thanks are due to the faculty of the old S.J.C. than can be expressed on paper. The immediate action, after the earthquake,

on the part of Mr. Gaschy and his fellow teachers in securing a school-house wherein to continue disseminating the knowledge of truth seems to speak eloquently for itself of the interest in their students. The present scholars will I am sure realise this and will do their best to satisfy their masters and uphold the honor of the college.

Just a few words with you boys. Since the recommencement of studies you have been sadly reduced in num-

bers but this is quite certain, and I am sure the other "Old Boys" will agree with me, we are proud of the noble way in which you are upholding the "NEVER SAY DIE" principle of old St. Joseph's College in all branches of athletics. You have tried your best on the baseball and football grounds and altho you may not have always been successful in carrying off the laurels still you have reason to be proud that so soon after the World's Greatest Disaster you have been able to hold up your heads and say "WELL WE'RE READY COME ON." That's the spirit boys, get out and show them that S.J.C. will not lie down just because may be half of the athletic section of the school is not present to help you hand out as big wallops to all their friendly enemies as they used to do.

The A.A.A. reunion scheme brought forward by Harold Mason will I am sure have the support of all S.J.C. Old Boys. The only regret will be that for some time to come we may not be able to have as large an assembly as was possible in Yokohama. Altho Mason's idea of branches of the A. A.A. is a good one I should think that the only way in which the A.A. A. in Japan can possibly hold onto their record of the past in any official event, will be to organise a Joint North and South Japan A.A.A. in other words whenever possible we should combine forces to face any opposition which may be put up against us. Of course we can have Inter-A.A.A. athletics.

Lastly boys remember that the A.

A.A. will do its best and as you will no doubt some day belong to the A. A.A. you must see that you do your best to uphold the time-honored traditions of the old school and bear in mind that you have to heartily thank your teachers for just "CARRYING ON" under the terrific handicap meted out by the World's Greatest Disaster.

W. Arab.

O. Grimmesey.—Mr. Grimmesey is back in the Orient again. At present he is living in Sumiyoshi but goes down daily to Kobe where he is working at the Nipponophone Co. He intends to stay here a while then go to Yokohama to start business there. Upon his arrival he paid a visit to the teachers and had a good long chat. Good luck to dear Orris!

Chas. Clare.—Just lately, Mr Clare reached Kobe after spending a long time in California. The death of his father in the earthquake called him to Japan where he intends to settle down. Our best to you, Charlie!

F. Pyne.—We are very thankful for the visit paid to us by one of the older boys Mr. Pyne.

L. Haum.—He is working at F. Owsten & Co. Yokohama. Any letter addressed % Owsten & Co will reach him without delay.

G. Salvo.—George wrote a farewell letter to the Director in which he states that he will go to San Francisco and from there leave for his "dear country of Chile". Having been laid

up with bronchitis he could not come personally but his nice letter explained the reason of his incapability to talk with his "dear teachers".

A. Breen.—Mr. Breen Assistant sales-manager of S. L. Jones & Co in Osaka is preparing for a trip to the States where he will stay for a time.

L. Horio.—Mr. Horio sailed for the States to secure fame and fortune. Good luck "Noppo". Come back like the rest, happy and successful. His address is: L. Horio % K. Sato No. 2086 Bush St. San Francisco, California.

W. Daly.—Congratulations Bill, for your fine, long, article in the "St. Xavier" relating your experience in the earthquake. We took special interest while reading it.

G. Jolles.—We have proudly read your editorial on "Thrift" in the U. D. Exponent. It's no easy matter to "fish" an article into a magazine like that, is it?

W. Arab.—We are in receipt of a long inspiring letter from Mr. Willie Arab. A thousand thanks for your encouraging correspondence.

E. Babo-Vivenot.—Lately Babo wrote a long French and English letter. He is quite full of optimistic plans. Don't bother about the bumps of life; make them a stepping stone to success.

H. Mason.—Our busy friend has been a frequent skier at Goshiki. Keep it up Harold.

P. Ruegg.—Till recently Paul had been attending Jeanne d'Arc Institution in Shanghai. He left for Switzerland lately with his parents.

G. Weed.—Say George, I gave "a duce of a howling" to your former classmates, so don't be surprised to receive letters by the dozen.

F. Harris.—Fred left S. J. C. to begin his office career at Yokohama. The "nine" misses you Fred.

T. Hay.—He is working at the Admiral Orient in Yoko. He's a regular correspondent to one boy only. Tommy old boy don't forget the rest of us.

Request.—Please send The FORWARD the addresses of the former pupils of S.J.C.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

MR. Schofield! What a lot this name means to the scientifically inclined boys of the 3rd and 4th High. What has he given us or rather what hasn't he given us? One morning in January we were surprised to find the floor of our class room half covered with electrical and chemical instruments. The lab we had in Yokohama seemed to have come back to us. It seemed just like Christmas. It would be almost impossible to try to mention

all the different apparatus but among them were two spectrosopes, one being large and the other a "nifty" little pocket instrument, high voltage coils, spectrum tubes, X-ray tubes, radio parts, stands, chemicals etc.

We will certainly profit by these priceless presents. The whole school extends its heartiest gratitude to Mr. Schofield for his generous and valuable gift.

Four Remington typewriters were sent to us all the way from the Hawaiian Islands by Mr. A. Eiben, the Director of St. Louis College. Mr. Eiben was a teacher in S.J.C. about eight years ago. Many of the present student body still remember the jovial face of our generous benefactor. Our sincere thanks.

We suffered a great loss when Father Walter was transferred to the Morning Star School in Tokyo. By his energetic and persevering nature we were able to accomplish much. We anxiously await the day when we shall have him back with us again.

Father Meinzingen who is here to replace Father Walter is a very good exchange. He is quite popular in class as well as on the playground where he spends much of his spare

time putting the pill through the loop.

Mr. Swift the Assistant Manager of the Standard Oil Co. of New York, has sent us a goodly number of oil samples which we appreciate very much.

When we started school after the quake our number was 65 and now we are 113 strong. Thus within four months we have nearly doubled our number with an increase of close on to 100 per cent.

Our college has lately organised two basketball teams and altho they are inexperienced and have not entered many contests, they are very promising and have the makings of laurel winning teams. Daily practice at the basket shows their form.

On the 15th of March our first baseball practice took place. Last season was disappointing; we have bright prospects of a bright one this year. Capt. Ernest Jungers of last season is still captain and Manager Edward Comes is undertaking the job of coach. Three cheers for the team and may it have a successful year.

SPORTS

Saints Victorious Over Canadian Academy

IN a spectacular game, the S. J. C. its rival C. A. at the Kosho Grounds, inflicted a crushing defeat upon The second game of the series was

won by the score of 3 to 0. Within the first 5 minutes the first goal was scored by Mendonça followed by a back kick by I. Volkoff right inside. At the end of the first half, the Blue and White goalie managed to keep the citadel intact.

The second half was full of golden chances for the S.J.C. but unfortunately owing to bad shooting on the part of the forwards, none were scored until S. Dresser, right wing of the S. J. C. sailed the ball clean between the posts. In the course of the game, C. A. threatened to score twice, but thanks to the excellent playing of the backs and custodian their efforts were all in vain.

S. J. C. Trims Meisei.

The S.J.C. eleven gained an overwhelming victory over the famous Meisei Team on the latter's own grounds, the resulting score being 3 to 0.

The game was characterized by the fine playing of the S. J. C. Team and especially by that of Dresser the right wing, who scored all three goals. Credit must also be given to the excellent defense of the backs and that of the goalkeeper.

Blue and White Battle to a Tie Against Kosho.

For some time after the off St. Joseph's failed to get into their lightning stride. While on the other hand the Kosho forward line under the direction of their skipper Shimizu threatened the goal. In vain S. J. C. tried to break the impregnable defense of the Higher Commercial Team.

When the whistle sounded for the interval the score stood 0-0.

The second half became faster and desperate both sides tried strenuously to score what felt to be the winning goal. With the score still a tie the end of the game came.

It was arranged to prolong the game for another twenty minutes. By a brilliant combination of passing the Commercials netted the ball. The S. J. C. forwards strained every nerve and were successful enough in obtaining the tying point. After a hard tussle for supremacy the game ended 1-1.

S.J.C. vs. Kobe 1st Middle School.

The first game against the Kobe 1st Middle School was played on the Kosho Grounds and resulted in a defeat for the S. J. C. boys.

The backs put up a hard fight against their opponents' repeated attacks but were finally beaten by a score of 2 to 0.

A HARD TOSS.

The next game against the the 1st Middle School was played on the latter's Grounds, the score being a tie, 2-2.

The first goal was scored during the beginning of the game by the Japanese Team. Redoubling their efforts the S. J. C. boys with a marvellous play of combination and passing succeeded in tying the score; the point was made by S. Dresser.

The whistle having been blown for the end of the game and the score being a tie it was arranged between the captains to prolong the match for another 20 minutes, divided into 10



minute halves, after this the score stood 2-2.

S.J.C. vs. 1st Kobe Middle School.

Our team was defeated by that of the Middle School by a score of 2-1.

The solitary point was gained by S. Kawazoe during the first half. Unfortunately owing to very bad shooting on the part of our forwards many fine chances were allowed to slip, which would have brought us out victorious.

Review of the Football Season '23-'24.

Ed. Gomes '25.

ALTHOUGH greatly handicapped due to the lack of suitable grounds and weight the Blue and White plowed its way thru and made a showing equal to any of the wonders performed by the celebrated Eleven of '21-'22 under Capt. T. Worden.

This year the Saints had its heaviest program in several pages of athletic history of the College; they were pitted against the Champs of the Kwan-sai Middle School and the Higher Commercial XI. The S.J.C. eleven came in the limelight when she won five consecutive victories, notable among them is the triumph over Meisei the Champions and after this game, they received the name of "greased lightning." Towards the end of the season the brilliant record was somewhat darkened by the defeat St. Joseph's suffered at the hands of the Itchu (First Middle School). The cause of our defeat was erratic shooting though the forwards cannot be reproached, for their teamwork excelled that of the First Middle School combination.

Indeed the footer team of '23-'24 may be ranked among the best elevens that the Blue and White ever produced considering the caliber of the opponents faced. It is also interesting to

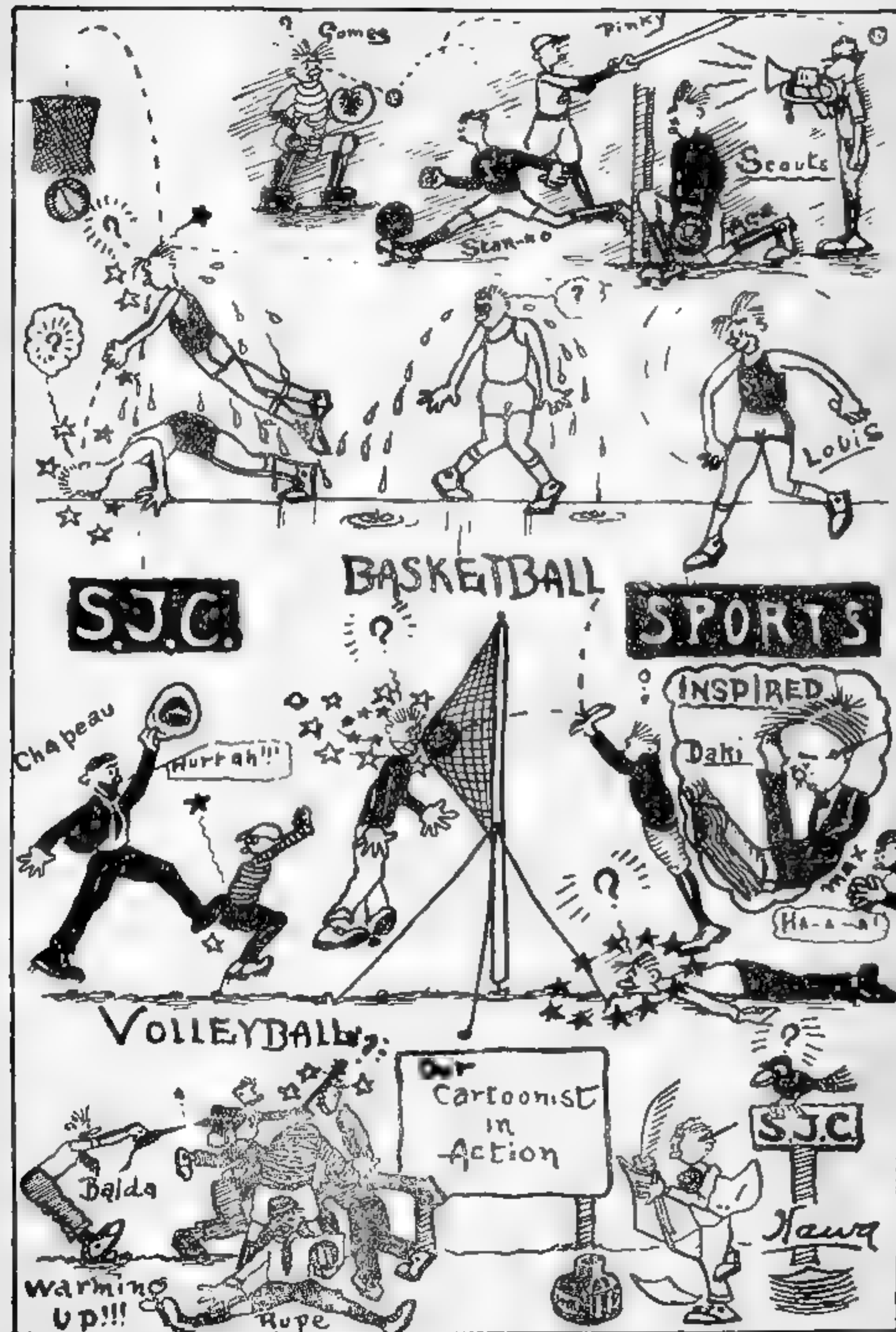
note that S. J. C. gave 4 shutouts to the foes while she received only one. The Saints scored 16 goals and our adversaries scored 10. I. Volkoff and S. Dresser were the main point getters each scoring 6 goals. The entire team deserves all praise for the determination and good will they showed in the face of the greatest drawback in the Athletics the College ever experienced since her existence in Japan; but particularly to Captain E. Jungers who shaped the eleven to be worthy of our beloved Alma Mater, a team which our alumni would be proud of.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| Games Played. | |
| St. Joseph...1..... | Kohnan...2 |
| St. Joseph...2..... | Shinsho...1 |
| St. Joseph...2..... | C. A....0 |
| St. Joseph...1..... | Kohnan...0 |
| St. Joseph...3..... | C. A.....0 |
| St. Joseph...3..... | Meisei.....0 |
| St. Joseph...1..... | Kosho....1 |
| St. Joseph...0..... | Itchu....2 |
| St. Joseph...2..... | Itchu.....2 |
| St. Joseph...1..... | Itchu.....2 |

Basketball

St. Joseph's College Victorious Over Kohnan 19-8.

On January 20th the first basketball



game in the athletic history of S.J.C. was staged against Kohnan on the latter's floor.

The passing of the Blue and White was superb but the shooting was somewhat off colour. At the end of the first half the score stood 7-6 in favor of S.J.C.

Saints quintet started the second stanza with lightning speed and short passing. The forwards caging in rapid succession while the guards displayed stellar work, allowing the opponents to chalk only one field goal. When the final whistle sounded the St. Joseph's basketball team won the premier

game of the season.

L. Cox was the outstanding star of the game scoring five baskets. The playing of Captain S. Dresser, A. Dresser and not to forget the tenacious guarding of E. Jungers and E. Gomes were conspicuous features. Bro. W. Abromitis refereed the game. R. Cox Jr. scorer.

| St. Joseph's | Field Goals | Foul Goals | Points |
|---------------------|-------------|------------|--------|
| L. Cox L.F..... | 5..... | 0..... | 10 |
| S. Dresser R.F..... | 2..... | 0..... | 4 |
| A. Dresser C..... | 1..... | 2..... | 5 |
| E. Jungers B.G..... | 0..... | 0..... | 0 |
| E. Gomes R.G..... | 0..... | 0..... | 0 |
| Grand Total..... | 8..... | 3..... | 19 |

BOY SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Scout Master.....J. F. Janning S.M.
 Assistant Scout MasterE. Jungers
 Standard BearerScout C. Remedios
 ScribeScout E. Gomes
 Photographer.....Scout S. Dresser
 Bugler.....Scout S. Kawazoe

The first Meeting:—The first meeting of S.J.C. troop took place at the opening of the 2nd term. At the beginning of the gathering our Scout Master gave an impressive speech on "Loyalty"; this was followed by the review of the last year's work and the losses the troop suffered in the great cataclysm of Sept 1st. 1923. During this meeting the officers were selected and the troop adjourned for the day.

Hike to Rokkasan.

About thirty sturdy scouts presented themselves for the first hike. The weather was ideal for mountain climb-

ing. We reached the summit of Rokko at 10;15. The Rokko ponds were frozen and several scouts skated on the ice; our Scout Master also skated though he had not skated since his boyhood days.

After enjoying ourselves for a few hours we went down. The snow somewhat marred our day's program though we really did enjoy the hike to Rokko.

Imperial Wedding

The troop threw out its cheering voices to celebrate the auspicious Wedding of H.I.H. Prince Regent

and H.I.H. Princess Nagako Kuni while standing at the top of Mt. Rokko.

The scene was truly artistic; far away in the bay, the great warships, the pride of the Japanese Navy boomed forth their jubilation; and whistles thrilled with delight, reverberated over the celebrating city; hundreds and hundreds of voices rent the mountain air with their joyous shouts and happy songs and even nature lent an artist's hand to the scene by painting the landscape from clouds to earth with a falling mass of snowy whiteness.

The Crystal Hunt.

This hike was to the Ashiyagawa hills. We tramped from the Mikage station to the river and went up stream for about five miles. Finding a suitable place we made our camp.

During the morning we engaged in scout work and in passing tests. After lunch we broke up the camp and went hunting for crystals in the neighboring hills.

About 3.30 P.M. the troop started to hit the trail. In going back the Scouts divided up into two groups. Thus ended one of the most interesting hikes.

JOKES

Boy: "I heard that man can live for a long time on water."

Friend: "Yes, but he can live longer on land."

* * *

Fresh boy: "Gee! your brains are rotten."

Smart boy: "How do you know I have, you never saw my brains."

Fresh boy: "I should say I haven't."

* * *

Studious boy: "From what do stars originate?"

Youth with a black eye: "From a fist."

* * *

Two old friends agreed to share in each other's losses and gains. One day, one of them said: "Say will

you lend me ten dollars?"

Reply: "No, I'll lend you only five."

First: "Why?"

Answer: "Because in that way we will both lose five dollars."

* * *

There were once two men, who were passing, one night, along a dark road, when one of them saw a sign on top of a lamp-post. The night was as black as pitch, so they could not make out what it was. One of them, aroused by curiosity, climbed up the post and read aloud to his companion below: "Keep away from wet paint."

* * *

Teacher: "All people, when they faint become pale in the face."

Pupil: "What about negroes?"

Teacher: "What is a window *pane*."
Pupil (misunderstanding the question): "Ahem er...the window *pain* is when you bump against a window er...naturally you'll get hurt."

* * *

Inquisitive boy: "What would you do if a person were drowning?"

Answer: "Advise him to swim to shore."

* * *

Teacher: (After explaining a problem):

"Now how are you going to work this example?"

Fresh boy: "With great difficulty of course."

* * *

Young man: "A sailor's life is the most economical of professions."

Boy: "How's that?"

Young man: "Why he lives on water."

Sleepy boarder: (6 A.M.) "Where's my other sock?"

6:15 A.M. !! ***! He found both on one foot.

* * *

Teacher: "In your grammar you will find the rule, that a and an are used before singular nouns."

Sophomore: (interruptingly) "But please, sir! Don't you say amen?"

* * *

Kama: "I say, Stan! what likeness is there between a canoeist and a small dog?"

Stan: "Both are owners of a frail bark."

* * *

Teacher: What is the meaning of a friend?

Vania: A friend is one who is interested in your welfare and farewell.

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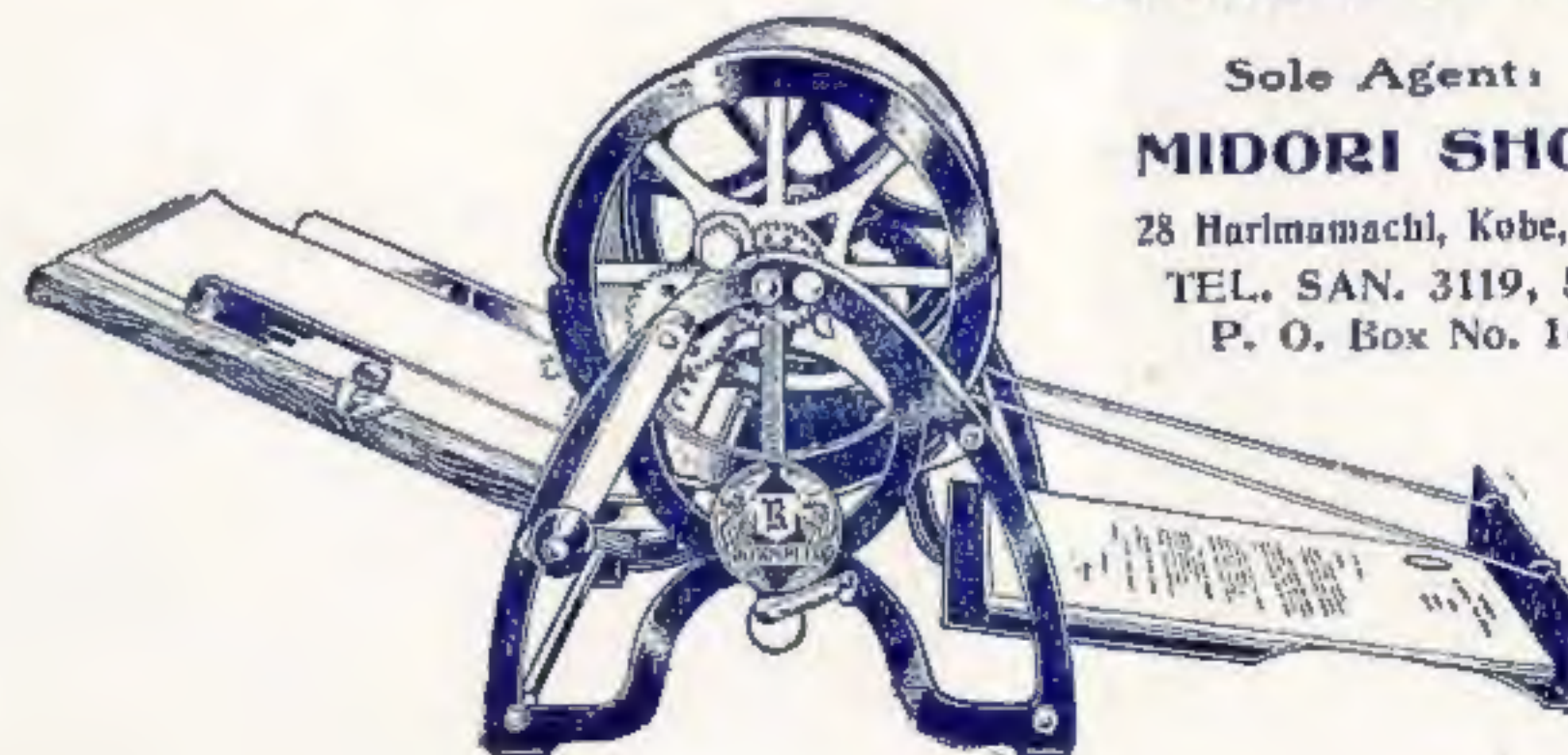
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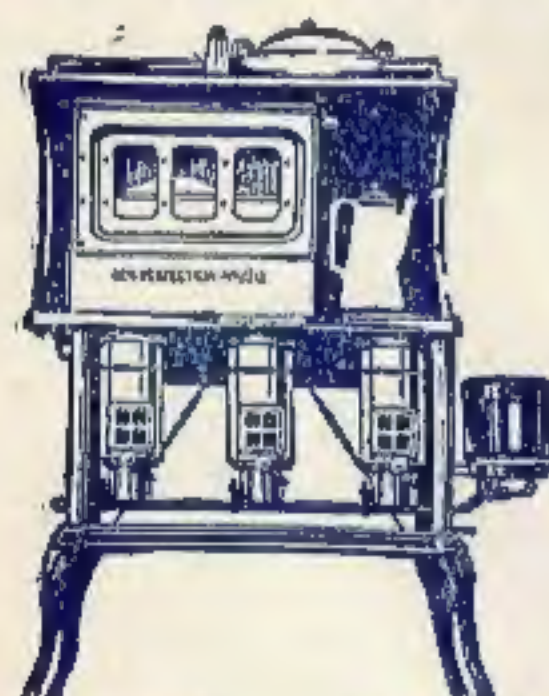
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